## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CRANCH'S ÆNEID. THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE. By CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. 4to. pp. 548. J. R. Osgood & Co.

The point of view in which this work presents it-

self to the judgment of the reader is less critical than asthetic. Mr. Cranch makes no claims to the character of a consummate philologist, but he holds an established rank as a poet of no ordinary excellence. He is distinguished for the subtle insight of his conceptions, no less than for his graceful beauty of expression. He is never tame, never commonplace, never content with the service of words instead of the illustration of thought, which in spite of the refinement and polish of his diction, forms the staple of his verse. His ear is attuned to the finest sense of melody, and the music of his rhythm is in admirable accordance with the gracefulness of his imagery. Few poets of the day have a more delicate perception of the imaginative aspects of Nature, or can embody her poetical secrets in more expressive measures. With gifts and accomplishments of this character, Mr. Cranch certainly possesses singular qualifications for revealing the essential features of the tender and elegant poet whom he undertakes to represent. His work is not that of the scholiast, or verbal annotator, but of the painter or sculptor of living forms. He may not reproduce the original with literal exactness, but manifests his artistic power by preserving its vitality, and the spirit which determines its vitality. We need not, accordingly, enter upon a minute comparison of the language of Virgil with the phraseology of his translater, in order to decide upon the merit of his work. Not that he has any reason to shrink from such a comparison, but that the fidelity of his performance may be tested by the sympathy with which he has revived the spirit of his author in a modern form

As an example of the felicity with which Mr. Cranch has retained the coloring and tone of the original, without falling into prosaic or mechanical literalness, we select the familiar passage describing the royal banquet to welcome Æneas to the honors of the

And now Æneas, now the Trojan youths
Assemble, and en purple couches tie.
Then water for their bands the servants bring,
And bread from baskets, and around supply
Towels with map weil shorn. Within are seen
Pitty maid-servants, who in iong array
Attend the hearths, and with burnt sacrifice
Enlarge the influence of the household gods;
A hundred others kno, of equal age,
Who serve the dishes, and who fil the cups.
And crowds of Tyrrans also come, and throng
The festive rooms, invited to recline
Upon the embreidered conches. Much they admire
The gifts Æneas brought; I ulus too,
The glowing beauty of the god-like face,
And simulated speech; the cloak, the veil
With saffron-hued acauthus broidered round.
But the Phonician queen, all dedicate
To passion fraught with coming misery,
With soul insatiate burns, and gazes long,
Moved by the boy and by his gifts alike.
He, having hung about Æneas' neck,
Lecked in a fond embrace, and the deep love
Of his false father satisfied, then seeks
The queen; she with her eyes and all her heart
Chings to him, fondes him upon her lap;
Nor knows, unhappy one, how great the god
Whe presses on her breast. He, mindful of
His Acidalian mether, by degrees
Bergins to aboitsh all the unemory
Of her Sycheus, and with living love
Prooccup the mind long since annoved,
And unaccustomed motions of her heart.
When in the feast there came a pause, the plates And now Æneas, now the Trojan youths

Preoccupy the mind long since unmoved,
And unaccustomed motions of her heart.

When in the feast there came a pause, the plates
Removed, large bowls are set, the wines are crowned;
Removed, large bowls are set, the spacious halis
Resound with voices. From the ceilings high
O'criaid with goid, hang lighted lamps, and night
Is vanquished by the torches' blaze. And now
The queen demands a bowl heavy with gems
And goid, and fills it high with unmixed wine,
As Belius did, and alls descendants all.
Then silence hushed the rooms, while thus the queen:
O'd Jove-for thou, 't is said, dost give the laws
Of guests and hosts alike—be it thy will,
That this may be a joyful day to all.
Tyriams and Trojans, in remembrance held
By our descendants. Bacchas, giver of joy,
Be present; and, propitious Juno, smite!
And you, O'Tyriams, favoring, celebrate
The meeting?' With these words she poured upon
The table a libation of the wine:
And what was left touched lightly to her lips,
And, with a bantering lone, to Bitias gave.
He, not unwilling, drained the foaming bowl,
And from the tuil gold drenched himself with wine.
Then followed other guests of lordly rauk.
Long-haired lopas with his golden lyre
Pours ont with ringing voice what Atlas taught.
He sings the wandering moon, and of the sun
The laboring eclipses; and of men. Pours out with fringing voice was an arm. He sings the wandering moon, and of the sun. The laboring eclipses; and of men.
And cattle, and of showers, and fires of heaven; Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades;
And the two constellations of the Bears;
And why the Winter sins make haste to dip. In ocean, and what causes the delay of showly moving nights. The Tyrians shout, Redoubling their applause; the Trojans join.

Thus did the unhappy queen prolong the night With varied converse, drinking in the while Long draughts of love; and much of Priam asked And much of Hector; how equipped in arms Aurora's son had come; how looked the steeds Of Diomed; how large Achilles stood.

'Come now, my guest,' she said; 'and from the first Relate to us the Grecian stratasoms, And all thy people's said mish.ps, and all Thy, vovages; for now the seventh year Bears thee still wandering over land and sea."

The purposed departure of the Troians, and its of

The purposed departure of the Trojans, and its effects upon the unhappy love-sick queen, are described in an impassioned sketch, which reproduces with graphic force the fervor and despair of the original

So saying, abruptly she breaks off her speech, And sick at heart, files from the light, and shu His eyes, and leaves him hesitating much In fear, with many things he wished to say. Her maids receive and bear her fainting form Back to her marble chamber and her bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desires
To caim and to console her in her grief
With soothing words, groans bitterly, his heart
Shaken by love for her;—but none the less
Fripares to execute the god's command,
And to his fleet returns. The Trojans now
B ind to their work, and all along the shore
Dr. w their tall vessels down, till the tarred keels
Are floating. Then they bring their loafy cars,
And unwrought timber fresh cut from the woods,
Eager for flight. You might have seen them move,
Hasting from every quarter; as the ants.
When, mindful of the Winter, a great heap
Of cern they plunder, piling it away.
Across the fields the long black phalanx moves,
And through a narrow pathway in the grass
They bear their spoils: some of them pushing hard,
Thrists on the ponderous grain; and some drive on
The atragelers, and the loiterers classise:
And all the pathway glows with fervent toil.
What were thy thoughts, O Dido, seeing this ! But good Æneas, though he much desires

And all the pathway glows with reveal to the what aroans were thine, when from a tower's high top, that aroans were thine, when from a tower's high top, the way the shores alive with builting crowds, and the whole sea confused with clamorous cries! Accursed power of love, what mortal hearts lost thon not force to obey thee! Once again In tears the queen must go, and once again Iry him with prayers, and, sumpliant, submit Her anger to her love, lest dying in vail, she should leave aught untried.

"Anna," she said,
"Seesi thou how they are hastening on the shore,
Crowding from all sides! Now their canvas wooes
The breeze; the joyful sailors hang the sterns
With garlands. Since I could foresee this grief,
O sailer, I can bear it. Yet for me
This one thing do: for this perfidious man
Was in thy confidence, his thomost thoughts
Disclosed to thee; and thou alone dost know
The soft approaches, and the sensons best
For tourhing him. Go, sister, speak to him.
This hangity enemy, with suppliant words.
I took no oath at Aulis with the Greeks,
To rain the Trojans; sent no fleet to Troy;
Nor did I descerate Anchiese' tomb,
Or vex his ghost. Why does he turn deaf cars
To his multappy lover let him grant To bis unhappy lover let him grant Only this one last favor,—that he wait Till flight be easy, and the winds projitious. Not for the former marriage bond, which he Not for the former marriage some, which are perswere, do I entireat him now,—nor yet That he forego fair Latium and his realm. I only ask a little empty time of respite and of space, that I may calm. This wild deliriam, gud may teach my heart, Conquered and crushed, the lesson how to gri For this last boon I beg, which, granted me, I will pay back, required by my death."

The sequel of the tragedy, relating the misery of Dido, which can find no solace but in suicide, is given

with no less vigor.

And now Aurora, from the saffron couch Of Tithon rising, shed her early rays. Upon the earth. At the first dawn of day The queen books from her palace towers, and sees The first, with sails all spread, move on its way; And not a bank upon the empty thore, Or in the port. Turnes and four times she bests Her lovely breast, and tears her colden hair.

O Jupiter!" she cries, "and shall he go. This stranger,—shall he mock our queenly power Will not some one bring arms, and give him chase! And others tear my vessels from their docks! Quick, bring your torches, hoist your sails, ply oars!—Winst am I saying! Waere am I I. What mad Defirium is time I. Ah, wratched Dido, now His base theeds touch thee! Thus they should have done, When the did'st yield thy scepter to his hands. Echold the right hand and the faith of bim Who takes with him, they say, his household gods; Whe on his shoulders bore his aged sire! And could I not have ten the total him limb from limb, And thrown him to the waves! And could I not Have killed his comrades, and Ascanius Himself, and on the tables of his sire Served for a banquet! Doubtful, say, the chance Of war had been;—grant that it had been so! Whom should I tear, who am about to die! I might have bried their camps, or filled their ships With flances, destroying sire and son, with all Facil race;—then sacrificed myself with them. with no less vigor.

And thou, O Juno, the interpreter
And witness of those woes! Thou, Hecate, howled
At hight through eities where three cross-ways meet!
And you, ve aveneing Furies, and yo gods
Of dying Elissa, hear me! Toward my wrongs
Turn your deserved aid, and hear our prayers!
If it must be this wretch shall reach the port
And lands he seeks, and thus the fates of Jove
Demand that there his wanderings shell end,
Then vexed by wars of an audacious people,
Exiled, and torn away from his son's embrace,
Let him implore for aid, and see his friends
Slain shamefully;—nor, when he shall submit
To the conditions of unworthy peace,
May be, enjoy his kingdom or his life,
But fall before his time, and in the sands
Unburied his! These things! pray;—and this
My dying voice, I pour out with my blood!
And ye, O Tyrans, follow with your hate
His seed, and all his future race! Be this
Your offering on my tomb! No love, no league
Between you! O, may some avenger rise
From out my ashes, who with fire and sword
Shall chase those Dardan settlers, now, and in
The coming time, wherever strength is given;
Shores with shores fighting, waves with waves, and
arms
With arms,—they and their last posterity!"

Shores with shores ughting, waves with waves arms
arms,—they and their last posterity!"
So saying, on all sides her thoughts were turned thow scenest from the hated light to break. To Barce then she spoke, Sychaeus' mirse (Her own long since had died in ancient Tyre):—
Dear nurse, my sister Anna bring to me. Bed her make haste to sprinkle all her limbs with running water, and to bring with her The victims, and the offerings required. Thou too around thy brows a fillet bind. My purpose is to make a sacrifice, which duly I've prepared, to Stygian Jove; And end my griels by giving to the flames This Trojan's image, on his funeral pile."

The aged nurse quickens her feeble steps.
But Dido, trembling, wild with broading o'er
Her dread design, rolling her blood-shot eyes,
Her quivering cheeks suffused with spots, bursts

Her dread design, rolling are blood-snot cycs, burste through
The inner threshold of the house, and mounts
With frantic mien the lofty funeral pile.
Unsheathes the Trojan's sword,—a gift not sought
For use like this;—then, having gazed upon
The Hian garments and the well-known bed,
She paused a little, full of tears and thoughts.—
Threw herself on the couch, and these last words
Escaped: "Sweet relices,—dear to me when fate
And neaven were kind! Receive this life-blood now,
And free me from these sorrows! I have lived,
And how of me the queenly shade shall pass
Beneath the earth. A city of high renown
I have founded, and have seen my walls ascend;
Avenged my husband,—for my brother's crime
Requitat seen; happy, too happy alas,
Had the Dardanian fleet ne'er touched my shores!"
With that she pressed her face upon the couch;
"I shall die unavenged;—yet, let me die!
Thus, thus 't is joy to seek the shades below.
These flames the cruel Trijan on the sea
Shall drink in with his eyes, and bear away
Along with him the omens of my death!"
While thus she spoke, the attendants saw her fall

While thus she spoke, the attendants saw her fall Upon the steel, and the sword frothed with blood, That sparted on her hands. Loud clamor filis The lotty halls. The remor of the deed Raves through the shaken city. Every house Resounds with grief, and groans, and women's shricks; And all the air is filled with wailing tones. As though all Carthage or the ancient Tyre Were toppling down before their invading foces, And over roofs and temples of the gods. The flames were rolling.

Breathless, terrified, With trembling steps, her sister hears, and through The crowd she rushes: with her nails she rends Her face, and with her hands she beats her breast, And calls upon the dying queen by name:—
Was this thy meaning, sister! Hast thou thus
Deceived me! Was it this, that funeral pile, Deceived me? Was it this, that funeral pile, Ami this, those altar-fires prepared for me? Described now, what first snall I deplored? Did'st spurn a sister near thee in thy death? Had'st thou but summoned me to share this fate, One grief, one hour should here have stabbed us be Yea, with these hands! Duilt this pile, and called Upon our country's gods, that thou might'st he Thereon,—and I, ah cruel, not be there? Myself and thee, O sister, thou hast slain, Thy people, and the Tyrian fathers all, And thy proud city. Give me—let me bathe Her wounds with water, and if any breath Yet flickers, I will catch it with my lips!" is both!

So saying, she ascended the high steps,
And clasped her dying sister in her arms,
And moaning, fondled her upon her breast,
And sought to stanch the black blood with her robe.
The queen her heavy cyclids tried to raise,
And sockward fell. The wound beneath her breast
Gurgled with blood. Three times she raised herself,
Upon her chow leaning; and three times
She sank upon the conch,—her wandering eyes
Turned to the blue sky, seeking for the light,—
And when she found it, groaned.

And when she found it, groaned.

Pitying her lingering agony and death, sent Iris from Olympus down, to free. The struggling soul, and loose its mortal tie. For since by late she perished not, nor death Deserved, but was made wretched ere her time. And by a sudden madness fred, not yet Proserpina had shorn the goiden lock From off her head, nor to the Stygian gloom Condemned her. Therefore Iris, dewy soft, Upon her saffron-colored pinions borne, And flashing with a thousand varied hues Caught from the opposing som, fiew down, and stood Above her head, and said: "This lock I bear Away, sacred to Dis; such my command.—And free thee from that body." Saying this, She cuts the ringlet. And the vital heat Exhales, and in the winds life floats away.

Our last extract shall be from the prophery of Ar

Our last extract shall be from the prophecy of Anchises, in which he relates to Æneas the fate of the young Marcellus, affording to the translator an opportunity which he has not failed to make good use of, of expressing the pathetic sentiment of the scene in language of Roman dignity.

So spoke Anchises, while they wondering stood; And then resumes: "See where Marcelius moves, Giorious with his triumphal spois, and towers O'er all, a victor. He the Roman state shall keep from tottering, in tumultuous days. He, armed and horsed, shall over hrow the power of Carthaginia and rebellious Gaul; And the third captured trophy shall hang up, An effering to his father Romulus."

But here .Eucas spoke: for now he saw
Beside the hero, clad in slittering arms,
A youth in form and face exceeding fair;
But sad his brow, with loyless eves cast down;
O father, who is he who there attends
The hero's steps! His son, or some one clse
Of his illustrious line descended! Hark,
What murmuring sounds surround him as he moves!
How noble is his mien! But gloomy Night
With shadows sad is novering round his head."
To whom Anchieses, weeping floods of tears. To whom Anchises, weeping floods of tears, Made answer: "O my son, seek not to know The heavy sorrows of thy race! This youth The Fates will only show a little while The heavy sorrows of thy race: This youth
The Fates will only show a little while
On earth, nor will permit a longer stay.
Too potent would the Roman race have seemed
To you, ye gods, had such gifts been our own.
What groams of heroes from that field shall rise,
Near Mars, his mighty city! or what gloom
Of funeral pomp shall thou, O Ther, see,
When gliding by his new-raised mound of death!
No youth of Ilian race shall ever lift
To such high highis of hope the Latian sires;
Nor Rome shall locast henceforth so dear a child,
Alas for virtue and the ancient faith!
Alas, the strong hands unsubdued in war!
No enemy could ever have opposed
His sword unscathed, whether on foot he charged,
Or spurred his foaming steed against the foe.
Ah, dear lamented boy, can'st thou but break
The stern decrees of fate, then wilt thou be
Our own Marcellus!—Give me lilies, brought
In heaping handfuls. Let me scatter here
Dark purple flowers; these offerings at least
To my descendant's shade I fain would pay,
Though now, alas, an unavailing rite."

We do not hesitate to give the preference to Mr. Cranch's version over any translation of the Eneid with which we are acquainted. The work of Dryden is a noble poem, stately in measure and affluent in expression, but he wrote under the restrictions of rhyme, and was thus often compelled to substitute the suggestions of his own fancy for faithfulness to the original. Professor Conington brought a profound study of the Greek and Latin classics, and no inconsiderable power of versification to the execution of his comparatively recent version; but the 'fatal facility" of the octo-syllabic meter, which had played so splendid a part in the hands of Byron and Scott, seduced him from perfect allegiance to his

deathly white and thoughtful, yet youthful face, of them from their voyage to the Hesperides, and transforms them into her voiceless devotees. Swinburne, sitting close over his books; Browning, true poet's face, calm, deep, large, dark-eyed, gray-haired and gray-bearded; Lewes, the philosopher, and his illus-trious wife, George Eliot; Froude, seeming more like a trious wife, George Eliot; Froude, seeming more like a scholarly New-Englander than like an Old-Englander. with fine, contemplative, pale, thinnish features, and a sharp, penetrating, brown eye; once, the venerable and never-to-be-forgotten head and form of Carlyle, with large brow, deep-sunken eyes, and shaggy white hair and beard; Charles Reade, with his full face, small eyes, and bald crown; and Wilkie Collins, with full beard and mustache, large, round, blue eyes, and quick, prompt

Mr. L. S. Conant has a very entertaining article on locomotion, illustrated by a number of quaint old pietures. "The Old Stager" gives some pictures of duel-ing in Washington, when that sort of thing was considered noble and chivalrie, and of collisions in the House -pictures which almost make one wonder what reverence the people could have had for their rulers in those dangerous times. The writer, in relation to the Anti-Dueling act, says that " Mr. Clay spoke of it in terms of derision and contempt. He said it was merely an inconvenience. Gentlemen who had deliberately determined to violate a law of God were not likely to be restrained by any human enactment. When remonstrated with by his friends, and urged to avoid a contest in which his life, so important to the country, might be sacrificed, he replied that he was the guardian of his own honor, and must be allowed to determine the course which it be came him to adopt."

Here is what Mr. Curtis says of the Froude-Burke controversy:

troversy:,

But it is not upon any allegation that Ireland is wholly guilty and England wholly innocent that Mr. Froude rests his case. He comes to us an Englishman sincerely loving his country, and wishing to do what he can to compose the long and tragical quarred with Ireland. He believes that the great multitude of Irish in this country and the general character of our relations with Ireland have given American opinion a weight in the island beyond that of any other people. He feels, therefore, that if the voice of American to-day should declare that, whatever wrongs may have stained the past history of Ireland, yet that under the circumstance, although not independent, which in the nature of things is impossible, with just and equal imperial laws justly and firmly administered, Ireland ought to unite cordaily with England in a common destiny, much would be done to heal the sorrow. He therefore comes hoping to show two things: first, that the undeniable tragedy of Ireland is not due to England alone, but largely to the Irish themselves; and, secondly, that the English legislation of today for Ireland cannot justly be condemned as harsh or hostile.

As for Irish nationality, it is enough to say that it never

As for Irish nationality, it is enough to say that it never As for Irish nationality, it is enough to say that it never existed; the country was conquered before there was any such sentiment as that which we mean by the word nationality. This is not a justification of anything, but a statement of fact. It disposes of the plea of a conquered nationality. Father Burke, indeed, in his lecture upon Ireland as seen in its ruins, speaks of the legendary golden age of his country, as if there could be no doubt of the fairly palace of Tara and the happy Areadia of Erin; and the hearer who has seen the rapt attention of his nudlence, excless listening to the chanted xiories of their vanquisised country, could but recall that saying of pensive wisdom, "The power of hope is not extinguished in man; it turns to memory when it has no object of its own." Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, artist and writer, con

tributes to the January Scribner a paper on "The Reading of Newspapers." Considering what one loses in reading daily journals, that they cost much time which if employed for great intellectual purposes would carry us very far; that they give disproportionate views of things by the emphasis they give to novelty and false views by the unfairness which they give to party; he yet declares that we cannot do without them. "The experiment of doing without newspapers," he says, "has been tried by a whole class-the French peasantry-with the consequences that we know; and it has also, from time to time, been tried by single individuals belonging to more enlightened sections of society. Let us take one instance, and let us note what appear to have been the effects of this abstinence. Auguste Comte abstained from newspapers as a tect ofaler abstains from spirituous liquors. Now, Auguste Comte possessed a gift of nature, which though common in minor degrees, is in the degree in which he possessed it rarer than enermous diamonds. The cift was the power of dealing abstract intellectual conceptions, and living amid them always, as (the practical mind lives in and deals with material things. And it happened in Comte's case, as it usually does happen in cases of very peculiar endowment, that the gift was accompanied by the instincts necessary to its perfect development and to its preservation. Comite instinctively avoided the conversation of ordinary people, because he felt it to be in-jurious to the perfect exercise of his faculty; and fer the same reason he would not read newspapers. The rules which Comte made for himself involved a great perit. In detaching thimself so completely from the interests and ways of thinking of ordinary men, he elab orated, indeed, the conceptions of the positive philosophy, but arrived afterward at a peculiar kind of intellectual decadence, from which it is possible-probable even-that the rough common sense of the newspapers might have preserved him. They would have saved him, I seriously believe, from that mysticism which led to the invention of a religion far surpassing in unreasonableness the least rational of the creeds of tradition." Col. T. W. Higginson criticises severely the fault of the American College, which makes athletic skill the cause of more popularity and dazzling reputation than the successes of the brain. He urges intellectual as well as athletic competitions among our colleges, and proposes a system of intercollegiate cholarships resembling those of the English. To the millionaire who is perplexed as to the disposal of his money he suggests that he "select a Board of Trustees to take care of a fund for a scholarship, and another Board of learned men to examine candidates. Let him then send circulars to all the colleges,-just as the English universities, when they have scholarships to award, send circulars to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Cheltenham, and the rest, -inviting competitors to the examination. The best man will win, and will thus achieve something for the credit of his college. And when such scholarships multiply, and the records of their examinations accumulate, they will furnish as fair a test of the comparative intellectual training of our colleges as the regattas now furnish of their physical prowess.

the regattas now furnish of their physical prowess.

But this would be only half the competition. These scholarships should not only be open to the pupils of all our colleges—graduates or undergraduates, as might be thought best—but their income should be available for use at any college, or at a series of colleges. A successful candidate might come from Princeton and go back to enjoy his scholarship there; or he might prefer to spend the prosertised years of his appointment at Cornell, or Yale, or Harvard. It would thus become a point of pride with our institutions, first, to furnish the largest quota of candidates for the Intercollegiate Scholarships; and secondly, to attract as residents those who had won these prizes. This second competition between colleges is not, however, essential to the plan; and it might be found best to let the successful competitors pursue their studies in Europe, if they preferred. The essential part of the project is the absolutely free competitors for the scholarships from all neademical sources.

It is to be observed, that as such scholarships are multiplied, they will naturally be distributed over a range of special studies, and thus test the varied points of many institutions. Suppose the first three Intercollegiate Scholarships to be given for excellence in Philology, in Mathematics, and in Natural History; the examining committees being taken respectively from the Philological Society, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institution. It would not be hard to guess which college would be most likely to lead in each of these competitions, though one might guess wrong. The prize might be carried off, after all, by some obscure institution, which had only prepared for the context as Amhers prepared for the regata; by quietly rearing a race of thoroughly trained men.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, writing charmingly of the Victorian

Mr. E. C. Stedman, writing charmingly of the Victorian era in poetry, considers the relations between that gen tle art and science. He charges that "the modern student often has been so narrowed by his investigations as to be more unjust to the poet than the latter was of old

played so splendid a part in the hands of Byron and Scott, seduced him from perfect allegiance to his master, and as Mr. Cranch remarks, while "missing the graceful sweep of Virgil's lines, he reads too much like a sort of classical Sir Walter." Mr. Cranch, on the other hand, has wisely secured the advantage of freedom from the shackles of thyme. He has thus been enabled to devote his remarkable command of poetic expression to the illustration of Virgil, rather than, from the necessities of the occasion, to weave his personal fancies into the sweet and majestic texture of the original. His work is not only a splendid memorial of his own genius, but a worthy representation of the immortal Roman bard.

HARPER AND SCRIBNER.

CHRISTMAS TALK—FROUDE AND BURKE—INTEROCLLEGIATE SCHOLARSHIPS—VICTORIAN POETS.

The January number of Harper's Magazine is full of the warm and cheery spirit of Christmas. There are two articles prettilly illustrated whish have to do with Christmas customs and the suggestions of Christmas, and one of these—a wonanis—is a gentle pleading for justice and tenderses to childhood, for generous trust, and the high religion of unseithsiness. Mrs. Buddington in this paper occasionally gets into the clouds using language too complicated and elaborate, but he intentions are so good, the soul of her writing so womanly and sincere, that this blunder is easily pardoned. There is an attractive article on the British Museum, by G. M. Towie—an article exact and diffuse in description. In its reading-room one often finds by chance the lights of English literature. "More than once the root tund figure and fair, ed. Falsatu features of Mark Length and subjects, etc., the modern Circe, begulles of exact gentle by; I have seen the tall, boyiel form,

This scientific iconoclasm is, in Mr. Stedmau's opinion. artistic excellence, and criticisms exact and catholic are other marked features of the changing time. The writer holds that we are steadily advancing in poetic technique, and that the Victorian period has been specially noteworthy for the multitudes of its tolerable poets. There is a desire for new modes, a craving for more dramatic spontaneous utterance, and a disposition to study life, dialect, and feeling as painters study landscape out-of-doors and at first hands.—Mr. Charles D. Warner tells dramatically a night's experience in the Garden of the Tuileries where he had fallen asleep and had been locked up. It was in the last years of the last Emperor, and through the darkness the loya-American inspired by the hateful nearness of the tyrant, imagined the tragedies of French Court history opening their baleful scenes before him. The paper is very cleverly and entertainingly written. Bret Harte has this poem which has an echo of "Jim:" AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Mouth of the Shaft. What I want is my busband, sir, And if you're a man, sir, You'll give me an answer— Where is my Joc! Penrhyn, sir, Joe-Caernovanshire.
Six months ago
Since we came hereEh !—Ab, you know! Well, I am quiet
And still.!
But I must stand here,
And will!
Please-Fil be strongIf you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Til the news comes along. Till the news comes along. " Negligence "—
That was the cause;
Butchery!—
Are there no laws—
Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!—
I won't raise my voice.
There men!
I won't make no noise.
Only you just let me be. Four, only four—did he say— Saved! and the other ones!—Eh! Why do they call! Why are they all Looking and coming this way!

What's that t—a message t I'll take it. I know his wife, sir, I'll break it.

"Foreman!" "Ay, Ay!"
"Out by and by"—
"Just saved his life."
"Say to his wife
Soon he'il be free,"
Will II—God biess you,
It's me!

Discussing the "Free Church Problem," Dr. Helland advises that we should lay aside all ideas of the ownership of pews and take to church every Sunday an offering of gifts, according to our ability and degree of prosperity, as an act of worship, and just as consci-entiously as we bring our petition or our praise. Mr. Gilder writes both amusingly and feelingly of the miseries of the Editor, the only human sufferer for whon there is no pity among his fellow-mortals. Christina Rossetti has this pretty, tender bit of a poem :

A BIRD-SONG. It's a year almost that I have not seen her: Oh! last Summer, green things were greener, Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer. It's well-nigh Summer, for there's a swallow; Come one swallow, his mate will follow, The bird-race quicken and wheel and thicken. On, happy swallow, whose mate will follow O'er hight or hollow! I'd be a swallow To build this weather, one nest together!

## New Publications.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW-YORK; THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE.

I. SONGS FROM THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

Callected and Edited by Abby Sage Richardson, with designs by J. La Farge, and vignettes by S. L. Smith. In one volume, small 4to, cloth extra, gilt, \$03.
"It is rure to find a collection of verses so dainty and so exquisit

. The paper and printing are neacceptionable, and the whole size of the work is dainty. What shall I say of the drawings with which La Farge has illustrated it ? They are strong and suggestive and singular. . . La Farge draws, as he paints, the soul of things."-[Louise Chandler Moulton, in New York Tribune.

"The few illustrations, with head and tail pieces, are qualutly origina and full of a happy auggestiveness."-[New-York Evening Post.

"The whole volume is alive with vital poetry. . . . It is a beautiful volume, full of beautiful matter . . . a book which will do credit even to the fiverside Press."—[E. P. Whipple, in Boston Globe.

11. FOREST SCENES.

By William Cullen Breant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Fitz Greene

Halleck, and Alfred B. Street. liustrated by John A. Hows. In one volume quarto. Price in cloth, full gilt. \$6; in Turkey merocco, \$10. This is one of the standard illustrated books in the market. In its

rich and attractive binding, covering excellent paper and print, the book

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

EDWARD E. HALE. #4 PER YEAR. OLD AND NEW. JANUARY NUMBER NOW READY.

Among the authors of the Articles in the January Number are:  ${\tt JAMES\ MARTINE AU},$ PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, EDWARD EVERETT, Rt. Rev. THOMAS M. CLARK

(Eishop of Rhode Island.) Mrs. R. S. GREENOUGH. Miss LAURA D. NICHOLS, Mrs. ELLIS GRAY,

EDWARD E. HALE, Prof. CLAYPOLE, FRED. B. PERKINS,

Rev. L. G. WARE. GIVEN AWAY!

The besulful Chromo, "CONFIDENCE," by Hammatt Billing.

is presented to every Renewal and New Subscriber to "OLD AND NEW" for 1973 at \$4; or at \$4 25 the Chreme will be furnished handsomely mounted, ready for framing. Size, 10x14. Subscriptions received by all Book and Newsdealers at Publisher.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, 143 WASHINGTON-ST., BOSTON. A LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF

HOLIDAY GOODS.

MASON, BAKER & PRATT, 142 AND 144 GRAND-ST.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, STANDARD WORKS, IN FINE BINDINGS, CHOICE VOLUMES FOR PRESENTATION.

By all Popular Authors BIBLES AND PRAYER-BOOKS, EVERY STYLE AND SIZE.

PORTFOLIOS. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. FANCY PAPETERIES,

WRITING-DESKS,

S, LIBRARY INESTANDS, DIARIES FOR 1872. BACKGAMMON BOARDS. HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE LARGEST AND CHRAPEST COLLECTION OF STANDARD BOOKS, JUVENILES, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, BIBLES, AND PRAYER-BOOKS, IN THE CITY, AT

HENRY MILLER'S, If you don't believe it. come and judge for yourself. CHARMING NEW JUVENILE.

THE THREE WISHES, and other Entertaining Stories. Illustrations colored in oil. Quarte richly bound in cloth, black and gold. \$1.75.

JAMES MILLER, Publisher, 647 Broadway, N. Y.

THE CHILD'S DELIGHT;

New Publications. EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

APPLETONS' JOURNAL. CONTAINING

AMONG THE ASHES;

DOOMSDAY CAMP.

A TALE OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

REPRINTED By special arrangement with CHARLES DICKENS, from advance

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

sheets of the extra double number of "All the Year Round."

Mailed, post-paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the

\*.\* APPLETONS' JOURNAL is now enlarged, and contains a larger quantity of reading-matter than any periodical of its class.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. PRICE, 10 CENTS PER NUMBER, OR \$4 PER ANNUM.

ISSUED ALSO IN MONTHLY PARTS.

D. APPLETON & Co., PUBLISHERS, 549 AND 551 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE WORKS · OF

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R.S. HEAT AS A MODE OF MOTION. One vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$2. "My aim has been to rise to the level of those questions from a basis so elementary that a person possessing any imaginative faculty and power of concentration might accompany me."—[From Author's Preface.

ON SOUND. A Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal In. stitution of Great Britain. One vol. With illustrations. 12mo. "In the following pages I have tried to render the science of Acoustics

interesting to all intelligent persons, including those who do not possess any special scientific culture."—¡From Author's Preface. FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE. A eries of Detached Eaurys, Lectures, and Reviews. One vol. 17mo.

My motive in writing these papers was a desire to extend sympathy for science beyond the limits of the scientific public. . . From America the impulse came which induced me to gather these 'Pragments,' and to my friends in the United States I dedicate them."—[From Author's LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY. Notes of Two Courses of Lecture

before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. One vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$1 25. \$1.25.
"In thus clearly and sharply stating the fundamental principles of Electrical and Optical Science, Prot. Typicall has carned the cordial thanks of all interested in clincation."—[From American Editor's Preface.
V.

HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS. One vol., 12mo. With Blustrations. Cloth #2. Historations. Cloth #2.

"The present volume is for the most part a record of bodily action, written parily to preserve to myself the memory of strong and jurous hours, and parily for the pleasure of those who find exhibitation in de-

scriptions associated with mountain-life."- | Prom Author's Preface.

FARADAY AS A DISCOVERER. One vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1. "It has been thought desirable to give you and the world some image of Michael 'araday as a scientific investigator and discoverer. . . . I have returned from my task with such results as I could gather, and also with the wish that these results were more worthy than they are of the greatness of my thems."—[The Author. VII. FORMS OF WATER, IN CLOUDS, & RAIN, RIVERS, ICE, AND

GLACIERS. This is the first volume of the International Scientific Series, and is a valuable and interesting work. One vol., 12mo. Cioth, CONTRIBUTIONS TO MOLECULAR PHYSICS IN THE DOMAIN top Extrane true. A section of Magazine." With additions.

D. APPLETON & Co., PUBLISHERS, 549 AND 551 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

3812-113.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT.

tint. Small quarte, extra gilt. Price, \$5; morocco extra, \$9. "The Little People of the Snow" is one of the most imaginative and delightful of Mr. Breant's poems. In this volume it appears elaborately and exquisitely illustrated—the illustrations exhibiting a fancy and laven tion no less striking than the poem itself. A more beautifully illustrated book has never appeared from the American press.

BY FRANCES WEY.

Containing Three Hundred and Forty-five Engravings on Wood, de-

signed by the most eminent Artists, and a Plan of Rome. With an introduction by W. W. Story. Quarto, 550 pages. Price, in morocce, \$30. One of the noblest volumes of recent issue is Frances Wey's splandidly illustrated quarte, descriptive of the imperial city of Rome. This superbrokeno is crowded with illustrations, beautifully executed, and accerately collineating all the places of Rome; its palaces and its rules, its churches and its works of art. It is a splendid memorial of the ancient city, and exhibits its treasures of art and a chitecture, both autique and modern, with a fuliness that conveys to the imagination of those who have never visited it a just appreciation of this historical and ecclesias

THE "LEATHER-STOCKING" TALES. BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. 1 vol., 2vo. With Forty Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Cloth

gilt. Price, #4. The so-called " Leather-Stocking Tales," by J. Feshsore Cooper comprising "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mobicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie," each story fully and eautifully illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, are here gathered in on volume, handsomely bound, and making a superb holiday gift-book.

D. APPLETON & Co., PUBLISHERS, 549 AND 551 BROADWAY, N. Y

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

TWO LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST-CHILD,

POR CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Beautifully illustrated, with five full page engravings and two vignettes
and beand in an illustrated paper cover, which in its design is unique

Proc. & Cents. Price. 60 ceats.

"Two Legends—one in prose and one in rerse—come to us in a beard itfully printed and illustrated quarte, which unpretentious though it is, in one of the most tasteful books of the year. Its cover is one of the hardsomest specimens of color-printing ever done in this country, the design being especially praiseworthy. The title-page, also, deserves homerable mention, and the wood cuts are constailly affined a defective. There is a general air of chasteness about this little book that we heartly admire."—[The Literary World.

For air by all Booksellers, or sent free on receipt of the price by the Publishers.

DEWITT C. LENT & Co., 451 BROOMS-ST., N. Y.

THE GIFT-BOOK OF THE SEASON.
"A book calculated to satisfy everybody and anybody."
SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY AND THE SOCIAL use of the handsomest volumes for presentation as well as one of the most entertaining books of reading that can be found anywhere. Price in cloth, \$6; gitt edges, \$5; half calf, \$6.50; half moreone edges, \$6; moreone exten gitt, \$0.0. For sale by all booksellers or sens by mail or express, free, on receipt for noise, by the publisher. DE WITT C. LENT & Co., 451 BROOMS ST., NEW-YORE. FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT

will please everybody. The most comprehensive and desirable reference book published. ZELL'S AGENCY, 5 Beekman-st., first floor, op stairs B. W. B

LAST TENNESSEE.—THE KNOXVILLE LANGUAGE OF TENNESSEE.—THE KNOXVILLE LANGUAGE OF THE WRITER OF CHILD WILL CONTROL OF THE CARTEST OF THE CARTEST

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT for A YOUNG NATURALIST.

De Ebeil's "Structure and Classification of lancets." (illustrated with filly steel engravings, beautifully hand-colored, and numerous woodcuts. Also, a CODDINGTON MAGNIFIER, and a bottle of BERS, for microscopic use. BOOK MAGNIFIER, and a BERS, all of a 5. DITSON & Co.'s "GEMS OF STRAUSS!"—
Bights Edition now ready lef this immensely popular collection.
Contains 250 pages of the best fitness Masic. Price. 62 50. Also, a besuitful Heilday Edition in rick glit for 64. Sold by all Book and Music Direction.
DITSON & Co., Publishers, 711 Broadway.

New Dublications.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OUTCAST.
THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME-(Leiter II.)
THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME-(Leiter II.)

THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME—Cleater II.)

ILLESTRATIONS—Spinning—Beckes—Liz-Hings—Necklace, Bracelets and Brooth—Finser-Rings—Ninglia Correnory—Toga Printeria
—The Ried Veiled—Ninglia Correnoria—Toga Printeria
Cap—Penals, or Short Toga—Stodais, Boots, and Buskins—Senator
and Wife—Head-Dresson—A Build—The Beass of Nourvine—Lechrunal or Tear Vases—(ablets and Style—A consiste—Drain, Lyre,
Trumpert, Ristrum, Plate, and Cymbal—Public Busecos.

PRISCILIA.

THE NAILOR'S SNUG HARROR.

LICENTRATIONS—The Sunn Corner—"The Complaint"—Randall's Bust—Admission of an Old Sallor's Stug Harbor—Oue of the Stephyself-com—The ReadingRoom—Baske-busking—Drawing Telesco—Ohi Nailor's Publing—
The Room—Baske-busking—Drawing Telesco—Ohi Nailor's Publing—
The Room—Baske-busking—Drawing Telesco—Ohi Nailor's Publing—
The Room—Baske-busking—Drawing Telesco—Ohi Nailor's Publing—

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

6. TROS. HOOD'S WORKS. Illustrated. Rest edition.
7. HOOD'S POEMS. Illustrated. Large type. A beautioni S. BAYARD TAYLOR'S WHOLE WORKS, 15 Vols. \$22 00 to 60 00

THURSDAY, Dec. 19.

Those wishing supplies before Christmas will do well to order at once. 1 vol. Large 12mo. \$1 75.

THE AMATEUR, the best Musical Monthly, #1 per year. Sample

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE in the WORLD 12,573 JUVENIUS. Ac., FOR THE HOLIDA'S, ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

Catalogues free, Seed stamp. LEGGAT BROTHERS, No. 3 Beckman et., opposite New Fost Office. BOOK on STRICTURE, Fistula, Piles, Impo-lence, Diseases of the Generative Organs, by HENRY & OANIELS, M. D., 144 Letington-ave. Mailed for 25 cents.

A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

RICHMOND HILL SEMINARY education. Number of pupils limited to 30. Address

COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL INSTI-TUFE, New-Haven, Conu.—Preparatory to College or Busines The Winter Session will begin Jan. 9, 1873. WM. H. RUSSELL, Principal

FOR BOYS-Superior advantages at RIVER-VIEW ACADEMY, Poungkrepsie, N. Y. FEMALE INSTITUTE, WHITE PLAINS,

JACKSON MILITARY INSTITUTE, Tarrytown, N. Y. Established 1857, Address Rev. F. J. JACKSON, M. A. Pri \*\*KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL?\* for Children, and PRIVATE RECITATION ROOMS for Lades. Now in its 17th year. Reopens Sept. 26. Object: The physical, mental, and moral culture of Children; also, to furnish special advantages to Ladies not desiring the routine of school. Address Miss S. M. COE, Prin., 15 W. 42d-st.

DHYSICAL CULTURE—Carefully adapted to

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NEW MONTHIES MACRAZINE

POR JANUARY, 1973.

LOCOMOTION—PART AND PRIMERY.

LILIUSTRATION of Enginal Stage-Couch, Porty Tears ago—Ancient
Elate Charlot—Action Romas Stage-Couch, Porty Tears ago—Ancient
Elate Charlot—Action Romas Stage Charlot—Romas Wer Charlot
—Charlot of the Roma Stage Charlot—Secundary of the
Edges of Louis XIII.—Sealan-Charlot—Secundary of the
Edges of Louis XIII.—Sealan-Charlot—Secundary Secundary of the
Louister Sealang to Marcot—Spanish Aliai Charlot—The Falanguin—The Hordsh—Rossian Sealay—Renders A Railroad Train—Luder Full Sail—Ansirican River Seambout—CanalBoat—Sirect Car—Acrial Savigation—Aliast on a Rait—Velocipede
—Baby's Trundle—Invalid's Chair.

SONNET.
THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND I'S READING ROOM.
THE BRITISH PLAN OF THE Ground Floor - Laborar of the New

MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year. \$4.00

WELKLY, One Copy for One Year. \$4.00

BALAN, One Copy for One Year. \$4.00

HAFFER'S MAGAZINE, HARPIN'S WHERLY, and HARPEN'S BARRE,

for one year, \$10; or any two for \$5.

HARPER'S BROTHERS, New Yerk.

which will be ready on

COLLEGE for Young Ladies, Bordentown, N. J. ENGINEERING, FREE-HAND DRAWING, FRENCH and GERMAN, taught at INTERNATIONAL ACAU-

A N experienced and very successful TRACHER of English literature, mathematics, books espine, &c., desires a POSITION. Teatmonials and city references unexceptionable address Discurptionable address Discurptionable.

A SIRIL RELITIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.
THE WALKING BOY.
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.
THE NEW MAGDALEN. By WILKIE COLLINS.
CHAPTER XII. Exit Julian.
CHAPTER XII. Enter Julian.
CHAPTER XIV. Coming Events coat their Shadows before.
CHAPTER XV. A Woman's Remotes.
EDITOR'S REAN CHAIR.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC REGGED.
EDITOR'S RISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

PUTNAM & SONS .- HIGH-CLASS BOOKS

ENGLISH WORKS OF ART.

\* The most superb present to be had in the form of a hood.
Another Copy (both just landed)
Another Copy (both just landed)
The ILLUSTINATED PROISSART. 2 vols. Crimeon moreces 35
TENNYSON'S IDYLS BY DORE. Sopeth binding.

\*\*TENNYSON'S IDYLS BY DORE.

\*\*Contable,

\*\*Tunner.

\*\*Tunner.

\*\*Tunner.

\*\*Tunner.

\*\*Landseer.

\*\*Dutch.

\*\*Painter.

\*\*Landseer.

\*\*Dutch.

\*\*Painter.

\*\*Tunner.

\*\*Form.

\*\*Somethave.

\*\*Tommense Collection.

\*\*Immense Collection.

\*\*Immense Collection.

\*\*Indexenus to Liberal Boyers.

\*\*Open in the Eventse.

\*\*Eventse.

\*\*Tunner.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY, THE NEW STORY BY E. P. ROS.

HORACE GREELEY'S GRAND FUNERAL MARCH. A beautiful melody commensurative of the sace. Itimated with a peefect likeness of "Uncle florace". Frice 40 conta.

LEE & WALKER, Music Publishers.

LEE & WALKER, Substitute Publishers.

on application.

Instruction.

A SCHOOL and HOME for young BOYS.-E

MME. DE VALENCIA\* INSTITUTE for st. New York.— Address Miss E. M. COE, Prin., In W. 42d-st. MME. DE VALENCIA\* INSTITUTE for st., New York.— Committe sad thorough course in French, Listin, Maintenaite, Music, Drawing and Painting, French the infrance of the chost. Drawing Painting, and all itads of Kabroidery taught to Boarders without extra charge. Parents and guardians degions to Sourders without extra charge. Parents and guardians desiring their tangiters and wards to be educated abroad can through Mailune have hem sent to Europe. Send for prospectus. Will reopen Sent. 11, 1872. NORWICH UNIVERSITY, Northfield, Vermont, (A Military College, Established 1934.) Preparatory Department. Thorough Cinasioni, Scientific, and Military Ednexition. Good discipline. Terms, including 'efficient, promi reat, board, washine, light and fuel, 620 per year. No extras. Soud for circular. Address Prof. CHARLES DOLE, Northfield, Vt. Next term begins Jan. 16, 1873. PREPARATORY Scientific School, No. 1,193
Broadway, near Tweatr-eighthest, for all Engineering: Government Schools, directed by A. COLIN, late of the Engineer Corps. United States Mary, and Professor at the Naval Academy. Riemenhary Class for Boys. East for Chrealars.

A ASSAR COLLECTE. POUR IRREPAIR. A. T. The best equipped college for women in the world. One million deltar invested. Pall collegiate courses in every department, with accomplished professors, and cabinets and apparatus complete. Carried provision made for health, for moral and social calture, and for everything necessary to as 3 med and comfortable home. Terms, 6500 per ansum, executing all expanses of inition, board feel, light, and washing. No extras except for separate instruction in Music, Painting, and Raing. Send for extensions to the contrast of the contrast o

WHERE IS THE CHILD!

LLUSTRATIONS—The Oreamer—"Anild them all the Dreamer wools her way"—"Our Fother"—"Whe are we Sunk in Deeps of Care, while you Blief free and safely there!"—The Birtle Chamber; rice and poor—"The Child fores him"—The San is setting"— "Sleep to ter Mantle looks him"—At the Altar.

CHRISTMAS THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM.

LLUSTRATIONS—Thor—Odd as the with Huntaman—Fran Holle; or, herehts and her Train—The Finished Endagt—Christmas in Fran e—The Christmas Plays—St. Nicholan—Christmas in Fran e—The Christmas—The Presepio—Under the Matletov—Bringing in the Boar's Nicol.

A SIMPLETON—A STORY OF THE DAY. By CHARLES READE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January isimuplicantly justifies the claims of that periodical to field rank as the introduced of the Moothies. It remains nearly one hundred engraving, and is rick with every variety of caterianing, instructive, and escapenable reading matter.

An exhaustive and rickly illustrated paper by G. M. Spencer, routiled. "Christmas throughout Christendom," gives a movel and interesting review of Christmas customs in various countries. Mar. Zaide B. institute, then it is a series of thrilling dramatic situations, beautifully illustrated, answert the question, "Where is the Christmas, the children's featural.

Besides the Christmas, the children's featural.

Besides the Christmas matter, this number has the awal variety of illustrated articles, poems, and stories, and a continuation of the three serial stories by Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and Miss Thackersy.

1. THE GREAT BRITISH GALLERY OF SELECTED PICTURES PROOFS. Finest book imported. Fall merocco, in 2 magnetic cut? volumes.

The most superb present to be had in the form of a hood.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

was published Nov. 27. Two large editions have already been exhausted, and orders are now accumulating for a new edition (the 62h thousand),

For sale by all booksellers and by DODD & MEAD, Richly and copiously illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. Printed with a PUBLISHERS, 762 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Location healthful and beautiful, superior accuntages for a thorough

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY for YOUNG LADIES, Bridgeport, Coon. Address Miss EMILY NELSON.

SEWARD INSTITUTE FOR BOYS.

FLORIDA, ORANGE CO., NEW YORK. \$300 per year pays for beard and taltion (no extras) in this well-known lactitudens. Send for a Catalogue.

T. G. SCHRIVER, A. M., Principal.

Ceachers.